

work—\$40.00—with half a night's loss of sleep, and we have for all our labors the net sum of \$20.00. Total investment, \$40.00; realized capital and profits, \$20.00; total loss one half. And in all this rustle and bustle in our endeavor to prove ourselves liberal givers to the work of the Lord, (through our stomachs) fifty cents on the dollar out of our enterprise reaches the poor missionary. Thus men are liberal givers—to their stomachs—and we call it working for the Lord. Now let me say to you, in all earnestness, when you want to give to the Lord *do not give it through your stomach*. But give him the first and the best out of your pocket. Fast a little, and the money you thus find for the Lord will have a greater intrinsic value.

Now let us get at it in a better way. I would suggest that each society have a self-denial week once a month and deny ourselves of something and give it to the Lord, and in this way we can raise lots of money, and it will be real giving to the Lord and a joy to the giver. I would recommend that our pastors call attention to this, and get it started as a systematic method of giving. What we want is system and a regular supply of money for the mission work. Will we do it, or will we depend on this sort of spasmodic, occasional way of doing, and let the work lag and force our workers to go out and earn their money twice, spending almost as much on the railroad companies as they have left for the missionaries?

Milledgeville, Ill.

Home Circle.

COMFORTED.

There is a wonderful force in that declaration of Scripture that no one can enter into the kingdom of God save he who accepts it as a little child. This truth received a new illustration recently at a summer resort, when an aged clergyman sat on the piazza of a hotel, engaged in conversation with a lady whose heart was heavily burdened with sorrow, and whom he was attempting to lead to the great Comforter.

His efforts seemed to be in vain; the lady had heard all her life of the promise that if a tired soul casts its burden on the Lord it will be sustained, no matter how heavy that burden may be; but she seemed to lack the faith thus to cast herself upon the Lord.

A half hour afterward a severe thunderstorm came up in the western sky. With the first flash of lightning the mother jumped out of her chair, and ran up and down the piazza, exclaiming:

"Where is Freddie? Where is Freddie?"

He is so terribly frightened in a thunderstorm. I don't know what he will do without me."

In a few moments afterward her boy came running up the walk, almost breathless, and his face plainly showing the great fear that was in his heart.

"O mother," he exclaimed, "I was frightened; I ran just as fast as ever I could to get to you."

The mother sat down and took the frightened child into her arms. She allayed his fear and quieted him, until his head rested quietly on her loving heart.

The good minister stepped up gently, and putting his hand on the mother's shoulder he whispered:

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

"I understand it now," she replied, as she looked up with tearful face. "I did not trust him as my boy trusts me; but now I will throw myself into his arms as a little child, and remember his promise, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.' I never before felt the depth of divine love as shown in that promise."—*Young People's Weekly*.

THE LITTLE BRIDESMAID.

HELEN A. HAWLEY.

It was more than a hundred years ago. Sensible mothers put their babies to bed at nightfall then, even if there was to be a grand wedding in the evening.

"I'd like to have Susie stay up to see me married," said pretty aunt Kate who was to be the bride.

"Pshaw!" said Susie's mother, "a two-year old baby wouldn't remember. She's got sleepy and cross."

So Susie prattled her "Now I lay me" in broken words, and went to bed never dreaming what splendors she would miss.

The hour came, and the minister. The pretty bride in her white satin gown, stood up by her lover, and the solemn service began.

Patter, patter, little feet, but so softly nobody heard them until it was too late. There if you please, stood Susie in her white night gown, close beside dear aunt Kate, clutching the satin skirt with her soft fingers.

Even mamma knew it wouldn't do to stir then, for the wee lassie was sometimes imperious and could show temper. So there the baby stood an unconscious bridesmaid.

When the service was over such a laughing you never heard, and Susie protested at being hugged so much.

"She quite eclipsed me," aunt Kate declared.

God permitted the little bridesmaid to

grow up and be a bride herself. It is a true story, and it was told to me by little Susie's granddaughter—that granddaughter who has now passed her three score years and ten.—*N. Y. Observer*.

THE WAY TO EXOUSE.

A little brown-eyed maid, no taller than the dinner table, came to her mother with her apron wet all down the front.

"Agnes, Agnes!" exclaimed the vexed mother, "you have been to the water cooler again when I told you not to go. I shall be obliged to punish you this time."

"No, mudder," said the trembling little voice, "you'll have to 'scuse me this time, 'cause Lila was so sirsty she cried for a drink, and nobody was there to div it to her but me."

"Well, daughter, as it was for Lila's sake you did it I will excuse you this time, but you must not turn the spigot again, no matter who cries. Will you remember?"

The little one promised, her face all sunshine again, and her mother took her off for a dry apron. But that was only a small part of the mischief, and in the worry and fatigue of mopping up the water that had run over the pantry floor and collected dangerously near the flour barrel, the mother's temper gave way. "I declare, Agnes!" she said, "you are too much bother for anything! Why can't you learn to let things alone?"

Hearing no sound she looked up, and she will not soon forget the look of bitter disappointment on the little face. "Why, mudder," said the baby, "I thought you said you would 'scuse me. I don't call this 'scusing me!"—*The Evangelist*.

FIGS AND THISTLES.

Honest efforts make the best friendships.

Wisdom is the proper use of all means at hand.

The lucky man plans well and works to his plans.

An ounce of conscience is worth a ton of explanations.

It is the imminence of God that slowly uplifts the world.

Forbidden fruit in the heart causes the logic of the head to sink.

You can silence conscience, but you cannot take away its frown.

Some churches use out of date methods to fight an up to date devil.

The greatest proof of the divinity of the Christian religion is that its abuse and mismanagement by its professors haven't killed it long ago.

The man who is always prating that former times were better than the present deserves no credit, as he had no hand in making them.—*The Ram's Horn*.